

4<sup>th</sup>

THE *Eng. Poetry vol. 11*

# FOLLY of LOVE.

A NEW

# SATYR

AGAINST

# WOMAN.

TOGETHER WITH

The *BACHELORS LETTANT*

by the same Hand.

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The fourth Edition, Corrected and Enlarged.

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*Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos  
Matura Virgo, & fringitur artibus  
Jam nunc, & incestos amores  
De tenero meditatur ungui.*

Hor. Ode 6. Lib. 3.

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LONDON, Printed for E. Hawkins. 1700.

30. Nov.

THE  
FOLEY OF LOVE.

NEW

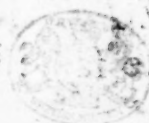
SATYR

AGAINST

WOMAN.

TOGETHER WITH

THE BACHELOR'S WHISTLE  
by the same Author.



Printed by J. Smith, at the  
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THE

# P R E F A C E.

**T**Hese Papers, (the Effects of some leisure Hours in the Country) had never seen the Light, being Wrote only for my own Private Diversion; if by a most unexpected Accident, a fair Written Copy of it had not come to my hands, desiring my strict examination of it, in order to its being Publisht. I confess I was as much surpriz'd to see it, as Mr. Dryden's *Sofia in Amphitryon* was to view Mercury in his own Shape: I knew I had the Original in my Closet, and wondred to find one so nearly like it in Manuscript.

I was often, I must own, Importun'd for a Copy, but deny'd it to the Dearest of my Friends; those few who read it, Protested by all that was Sacred, not to Transcribe a Line of it: But it seems some very civil Gentleman, to me unknown, (finding a Salvo for his Promise) Copied it, and

## The Preface.

sent it to a Bookseller, (pretending he found it on the Road) desiring, if he thought it would turn to Account, to Print it: He, as Interest Governs the World, resolv'd to send it to the Press. This coming to my knowledg, I was absolutely necessitated to Print it in my own Defence; and as it is, 'tis all at the Readers Service. Perhaps some Angry S H E may be Offended with some biting Lines; but let her Fret on, 'tis the same thing to me, for of all the Misfortunes Incident to Flesh and Blood, Heaven Deliver me from Love and Dotage.

These P O E M S may be had of several Bookellers in London, Viz.

**A** Search after Claret: Or, Visitation of the Vintners in 3 Parts.

The Female Fireships, a Satyr against Whoring; with the Night Walkers Ramble.

The Rake; Or, the Libertines Religion.

The *Bacchanalian Session*: Or, Contertion of Liquors, with a Farewell to Wine, by a *quandam* Friend to the Bottle.

*Islington Wells*: Or, the threepenny-Accademy.

*Lawyerus Bootatus & Spurratus*: Or, a Comical Description of the Long Vocation.

A Poem in Praise of Marrying for Love.

The Siege and Surrender of *Mons*, Exposing the Villany of the Priests and the Intrigues of the *French*.

*Britannia Victrix*: Or, the Triumph of the Royal Navy, in the Victorious Engagement with the *French* Fleet, May 1692.

A Dialogue between *Claret* and *Darby-Ale*

A Satyr upon *Neals* Lottery in *Freemans-Yard*, being the first of that Kind.

The Pleasures of Love and Marriage; A Poem in Praise of the Fair Sex, in requital for the Folly of Love and some late Satyrs on Women.

The Description of a Jacobite Conventicle.

A Search after Honesty, by Mr. *Tutchin*.

*Bacchanalia*: Or, the Description of a Drunken Club. by Dr. C—



# THE Folly of Love, &c.

**H**Appy was Man, when first by Nature made,  
The welcome guest of *Eden's* blisful shade ;  
The Godhead then, pleas'd the lov'd work to see,  
With Joy Proclaim'd a *Publick Jubilee* ;  
*Seraphick Angels* Hallelujahs sung,  
And *Paradise* with joyful Ecchoes rung ;  
The jocund Spheres their sweetest Conforts play,  
All Nature smil'd ; Oh, 'twas a glorious day.  
The *Sun* put on his brightest Beams of Light,  
And seem'd to bid defiance to the Night ;  
The Birds exprest their joy on ev'ry bough,  
The Fishes leapt, while Beasts fell prostrate low,  
With awful reverence *Man* they all Ador'd,  
And ev'ry Creature own'd him for their Lord :  
Ev'n the wild Beasts, who have been Rebels since,  
Then practis'd *Non-resistance* to their Prince ;  
When for his pleasure he dispos'd to rest,  
No sawcy Insect durst his Sleep molest ;

# The Folly of Love

In gentle slumbers undisturb'd he lay,  
Till thoughts refresh'd rows d drowly sloth away;  
Lord of himself, his passions not enslav'd,  
He nothing wanted, for he never crav'd.

The Devil grin'd, with malice burst, to find  
This happier *Eden* of Man's tranquil Mind;  
He saw't with Envy, whilst his working thought  
Was busi'd how the Ruin might be wrought;  
New-minted Mischeifs rumble in his brain,  
Each false-stamp'd Coin is melted down again,  
Till refin'd Fancy fix'd on *Woman*; then  
Resolv'd that Innovation to begin;  
*Beauty's* the chief Ingredient of his Art,  
T' out-rival Nature with a Counterpart;  
*Beauty* that outward Species of false Grace,  
The sly smooth Witchcraft of a fair young Face.

It hapned on a too too fatal time,  
As *Adam* did a spacious Mountain climb,  
Of Natures works, a Prospect to survey,  
A Lovely Grove invited him to stay;  
Where spreading *Beech*, and stately *Elm* afford  
A pleasing shade to the *Creation's Lord*:  
Hard by, a murm'ring Stream did softly creep,  
On whose green Banks he laid him down to sleep:  
But whilst in pleasant Dreams intrans'd he lay,  
Some Spirit came and stole his Rib away,  
And of that crooked shapeless thing did frame  
The *World's great Plague* and did it *Woman's* name.

But when (alas) thus, from his sleeping side  
This fair Perdition, Man's ill-destin'd *Bride*  
Arose, new modell'd in her Beautious Pride.

## *A Satyr against Woman.*

3

The *Sun* surpriz'd at th' unexpected sight,  
Retir'd in haste with wonder and affright ;  
Th' astonish'd Angels too seem'd much amaz'd  
All on the unknown Monster doubting gaz'd ;  
The work they knew was perfected in Man,  
Admiring whence this Novelty began :  
Their pleasant Notes the Birds forget to sing,  
With mournful Airs the Hills and Vallies ring ;  
Fish to their Ouzy banks return in shoals,  
Beasts to their Dens, and Insects to their holes ;  
All Nature groan'd with a Prophetick fear  
Foreseeing the *sad ills* would come by her.

He wak'd, with wonder and Devotion fill'd,  
When he her goodly Shape and Form beheld :  
With gazing his amazement was increast,  
He thought she was some *Goddes* at the least :  
But when the thing was better understood,  
He found, like him, she was but *Flesh* and *Blood*.  
Without *Priests Aid* he took her for his *Bride*,  
And laid the *smiling Mischief* by his side.  
Love's solemn Right not long had been fulfil'd,  
But his new Spouse perceiv'd she was with Child ;  
And tho he strove by all kind arts to please,  
Yet all in vain, she could not be at ease,  
Until by stealth to save her longing, she  
Had tasted of the one *Forbidden Tree*.  
The *fatal Morsel* hardly swallow'd down,  
She found the angry Face of Heav'n to Frown ;  
Yet so prevailing was her Malice grown,  
She was resolv'd not to be *Curst* alone,  
And therefore with insinuating smiles,  
Her *too believing* Husband soon beguiles :

The

*The Folly of Love*

The *baneful Treat* soon opens both their Eyes,  
 To take a Prospect of their *Miseries* :  
 With *Melancholly sighs* they mourn their Fate,  
 And *Eden* with regret they *Abdicate*.

From her accursed Loyns have sprung a Race,  
 The Worlds, their Own and all Mankinds Disgrace.

{ *Woman* ! at speaking of the very Name,  
 Nature starts back and hides her self in shame,  
 { *Woman* ! the fatal Authress of our Fall :  
 { *Woman* ! the sure Destroyer of us all ;  
 Nature, 'tis own'd, did all her skill display,  
 And made their Bodies of the finest Clay ;  
 She labour'd with the most Industrious care,  
 To make their outsides Beautiful and Fair ;  
 How all their Limbs in just proportion rise,  
 How *smooth* the Muscles of their *Arms* and *Thighs* ;  
 Nor can the *Down* which on the *Swans* is seen  
 Exceed the *softness* of their *milk white Skin* ;  
 But that which must to all her Art give place,  
 Is womans *tempting wonder-working Face*.  
 Like *Sodom's Apples*, pleasant to the Eye,  
 Within pale rottenness, and ashes lye ;  
 Their very sight does *youthful Blood* enrage,  
 And proves as fatal to *declining Age*.  
 Oh ! could we Live without that *cloven Sex*,  
 Whose *only pleasure's* to torment and vex,  
 Fate would, no doubt, some better method find,  
 To propagate and multiply Mankind.  
*Angels* from their Abodes might hither fly,  
 And bless mankind with their society.  
 But since 'tis vain to wish where there's no cure,  
 And we must still those needful *ills* endure,

## A Satyr against Woman.

5

In their *own colours* we'll the Sex display,  
And he who after that can Love 'em, may:

'Tis true, but little hopes can ere be had  
To mend what is *insorrigibly* bad;  
Yet, *Satyr*, thy severest Whip prepare  
To lash the sex so very *vile* yet fair.  
Be just, spare neither *Quality*, nor *Age*,  
From *Girl*, just fit for *Man*, to *Matron* sage;  
From *Dunghil-raker* up to *Lady* fine,  
Dressing all day, in *Play-House* Box to shine;  
Recount their *various Arts*, their *subtle Wiles*,  
Their *artful Tears*, and their *more artful Smiles*;  
Their numerous Vices, which they *Vertue* Paint,  
And from the *Woman* separate the *Saint*,  
That so unwary heedless *Man* may shun  
Those *fatal Gulphs* where sinking *Youth's* undone;  
By *Mermaid-melody's* decoy'd, in haste  
They plunge i'th' unseen *Whirlpool's*, sink so fast,  
Estate and *Vigour* in a moment's Lost.

Of all the various seeds of Vice which rest  
Within the compass of the *Female Breast*;  
The first which shews it self in open View  
Is *Pride*, the *earliest* sin the *Devil* knew:  
But such success does t' imitation fall,  
The *Copy* far exceeds th' *Original*.  
In *Pride*, so *quickly* they proficient grow,  
That *Babes* the *Nipples* do not sooner know.

Should any daring Pen for Subject chuse,  
The various *Dresses* *Modern Females* use,  
What *Antick Habits* their own *Mothers* wore,  
And what was us'd an *Hundred Years* before;

C

Their

*The Folly of Love ;*

*Their Fardingales, Stiff Ruffs, and all the train  
 Of Fashions us'd in Old Queen Bess's Reign ;  
 Could he describe the Rise and Pedigree  
 Of Monumental Top Knot Gallantry,  
 Expose their Arts (which they esteem no sin)  
 To mend the Face, and Meliorate the Skyn ;  
 Of Washes, Paints, Perfumes, display their Skill,  
 The bare Relation would more Volumes fill  
 Than are in Oxford or the Vatican,  
 And reach from thence to China or Japan.*

*Ev'n the raw Country Girl just come to Town,  
 In her Straw-Hat and Linsey-Woolsey-Gown,  
 Rather than the unmodish would appear,  
 And come to Church in her plain rusty Gear,  
 By Envy, and by Inclination led,  
 Will for New Rigging pawn her Maidenhead,  
 All on a sudden grows so wondrous pretty,  
 The City-Mantua hides plain Country-Betty.*

*Nay, the Old Madams too, who one would think  
 Stood tott ring upon Life's extreamest Brink ;  
 Those who in spight of Nature well be Young ;  
 At Theatres and Churches where they throng,  
 Are (but with Laughter) by the Gallants seen  
 Drest and set off like Girls of Seventeen.  
 Lord ! with what uncommon charming Grace,  
 That fine Settee becomes a Wainscot Face !  
 How Mother Shipton Looks drest up in Point,  
 Who, tho her Face with Paint she so anoint,  
 That like a Joynted Baby she appears,  
 So sleek, so plump, so ruddy, and so clear,  
 Yet all can never hide her Threescore Years :*



## A Satyr against Woman.

7

But so *unlimited* a Vice is *Pride*,  
That Nature's *Faults* it will not only hide,  
But even as far as serves to cheat the Eye,  
Does her *Defects* by *mimick Art* supply.

Imagine now from *Play-House* just return'd  
A Lady, who (when there) in *Fancy* burn'd;  
Uneasy by some disappointments made,  
Preparing to undress her self for Bed;  
Her *curled Locks* (mistaken for her own)  
Are in confusion on her *Toylet* Thrown;  
Next, her *Gla's Eye* put nicely in a Box,  
With *Ivory Tooth*, which never had the *Pox*;  
Her stiff *Steel Bodies*, which her *Bunch* did hide,  
Are with her *Artificial Buttocks* laid aside,  
Thus she who did but a small hour ago,  
Like *Angel*, or *Terrestrial Goddess* show,  
Slides into Loathsome Sheets, where since we've fixt her,  
Leave her, of *Pride* and *Lust* an equal mixture.

Not all the Malice joyn'd with all the Wit,  
With which *ill natur'd Poets* ever writ,  
Could ever yet describe the various kinds  
Of Womens *boundless Lusts*, which strictly binds  
Their *Souls* and *Bodies* so, they seem to be  
Compos'd of nothing else but *Lechery*:  
The *forward Girl*, who scarce can write fourteen,  
Thinks Day are Ages till the sport she's feen;  
Altho her amorous Nest is hardly *Feather'd*,  
Nay, *scarcely ripe*, yet longs she to be gather'd.  
Ev'n they whom *Pious Education* Fools,  
Or else are bound by strict *Monastick Rules*,  
Yet burn with such an inward *Lustful Flame*,  
As all their little Arts can never tame.

Lap-Dogs and Dildos serve as much to cure  
 Their customary raging *Calenture*,  
 As Men in *Fevers* when they drink small Beer,  
 Which makes the Fit return but more severe.  
 All the endeavours for to quench desire,  
 Serve only to promote the hidden Fire.  
*Lust*'s the first *Lesson* which they always Learn,  
 'Ere they the difference of the Sex discern;  
 But that at last by airy Notions got,  
 Is the whole Subject of their private Chat;  
 Nay, *Bawds* half drunk, at a young *Barbar's* Christning,  
 More lewdly cannot talk, than I (when listening)  
 Have heard young Virgins in a corner prattle  
 About some Notions broacht by *Aristotle*.  
 But since the Name of *Lust* is too severe,  
 Too harsh and rugged for the *Female Ear*,  
 We'll call it *Love*, and under that disguise,  
 Observe their various *clo'e Hippocrisies*.

By arbitrary Custom, long since curst,  
 In Love, the Women must not offer first:  
 They must appear indifferent and cold,  
 And when the Youth has, all his Passion told;  
 Put on a forc'd Disguise, and gravely say,  
*What pity, Sir, fine words are thrown away!*  
*In other things I'm much at your command,*  
*But not one word of Love I understand;*  
 Yet by her Eyes, which best the Soul express,  
 Her Inclinations are not hard to guess.

Suppose a Youth most Fortunately blest  
 With all the Charms that ere his Sex possest;

## *A Satyr against Woman.*

9

Transform'd by Love into a *whining Fool*,  
A *Womans Play-thing*, and a *Chamber-Tool* :  
If she be Proud, (*as where's the She is not ?*)  
When crouching at her Feet she sees the Sot ;  
With greater Pride the *Turk* did never seem ;  
T' insult on prostrate slaves, than she on him :  
She slights his Presents, and neglects his Passion,  
And makes his *Torments* but her *Recreation* ;  
But yet his *Flatteries* have this Effect,  
In punishing her feigned cold Neglect ;  
Her Pride and Lust they so much serve t' inflame,  
That she at last, in order them to tame,  
Her Wishes to some *Stallion* does impart,  
And his *strong Back* must ease her *An'rous Smart*.  
—— Thus what to *Love* and *Merit* was deny'd,  
Is by the Favourite *Groom*, or *Footman* try'd :  
Thus tho the Nymph to him appear so coy,  
She lets another taste the hidden Joy ;  
For the whole Sex agree it sha'nt be said,  
*Nature made mouths which were not to be Fed*.  
Sometimes a *Crust* goes with more *Gusto* down,  
Than all *French Cickshaws* and *Ragous* in Town :  
Curst Fate of Women who do always run  
In those *Extreams* which most they strive to shun.  
But grant her *Gen'rous*, *Affable* and *Kind*,  
And not to *Pride* or *Tyranny* inclin'd ;  
Easy when *Courted*, and dispos'd to yield,  
And leave *Philander* Master of the Field.  
Though the *last Favours* are allow'd, and he  
Proud of the *New* obtain'd *Felicity*,  
Loves ev'n to *Dotage*, knows no *Heav'n* but she,  
And thinks the *Gods* not half so blest as he :  
Yet in the midst of all his rapt'rous Joys,  
Before his Person or Enjoyment Cloys,

D

She

*The Folly of Love*

She *filts* him ; and to heighten his disgrace,  
 Kisses some new pretender 'fore his Face.  
 Some little time she's kind to this *New Lover*,  
 But quickly does some cause of change discover :  
 Weary of him she to another flies,  
 Swears he's the only Person she can prize ;  
 But having him *two days, five hours, three quarters*,  
 Leaves him to *Hang in Penitential Garters*.  
 Still apt to change, to give the *Sex their due*,  
 They scarcely are to their *own Wishes true*.  
 They *love*, they *hate*, and yet they know not why,  
 Constant in nothing but *Inconstancy*.  
 When you of Nature can divert the Course,  
 And make the Loastone leave its 'tractive force.  
 Prove Snow is Black, and wash the *Negro White*,  
 And make the Sun appear in darkest Night ;  
 Fix Quick-silver, and make the Sea stand still,  
 And cause the Clouds no longer Rain distil ;  
 When this by Art you can effect and do,  
 Then I'll believe a Woman can be true.

♣ But hold, some *Female Advocate* I hear,  
 Who blames my Satyr as if too severe.  
*If some (says he) are fickle, are there none*  
*Whose Vertues may for others Faults atone ?*  
*Who built the Mausoleum, which loud Fame*  
*Does justly one of the Worlds Wonders name ?*  
*But Artimesa, whose true love was such,*  
*That her own Body was not thought too much*  
*For her dear Husbands Ashes to find room,*  
*And to his Mem'ry did Erect that Tomb ;*  
*Nay, in this Vicious Age some few there are,*  
*Behind that Queens Example come not far.*

## *A Satyr against Woman.*

II

'Tis own'd ; but such Examples are as scarce  
As five Legg'd Calves, three Moons, or Blazing-Stars ;  
For when into the World such Monsters creep,  
Nature is Retrograde, or half asleep.

Nature on whom we Justly lay the blame,  
Which so inclines us still to act our shame,  
E'en in fruition Fobs the boasted Gains.  
And with short pleasure baulks the mighty pains ;  
Nauseous the Bliss, a nasty fulsom Toy,  
Which we regret, e'en while we yet enjoy ;  
So short, so trifling, there's no comfort in it ;  
'Tis thought, begun, and finish'd in a minute ;  
And when the Eager transitory sport is o're,  
We lie like Fishes gasping on the shoar.  
Oh *Nature Nature* ! Rigid are thy Laws,  
Since blindly thus we must submit our Cause.

Who without Horror, or Amazement can  
Survey that hideous *Precipice of Man* ?  
Or with his Pen sufficiently deplore  
That Fatal Gulph we call a *Common Whore* ?  
Who can express her Arts of drawing in  
Unwary Youths to the beloved sin ?  
When caught, what stratagems she still prepares,  
To keep them blindfold in the fatal Snares.  
So soon she *learnt the Linen-lifting Trade*,  
That she *forgets she ever was a Maid* :  
In Arts *obscene* so very 'xpert and clear,  
The Devil *himself* may come to Learn of her :  
For should all Tricks of *Female lewdness* fail,  
They all might be *reviv'd in Posture Mall* ;

The

The Sexes *Harlequin* or *Scaramouch*,  
 Whose various *Scenes of Nakedness* are such,  
 As e'en makes *Nature* blush--- But hold, my *Muse*,  
 This Subject will too much thy thoughts abuse:  
 Let's leave her, who to *Lewdness* sets no bounds,  
 The Lady *Abbeſs* of the *Fleetstreet Nuns*.

Their Youth with *Claps*, and *Lust* juſt worn away,  
 And all their Charms beginning to decay;  
 With *Mead* and *Bottle Beer*, they call *Cock-Ale*,  
 And ſome young Cracks, who waiting never fail,  
 Commence *Grave Bauds*, and keep a *Vaulting School*,  
 Where *Callow Youths* their Health and Money fool;  
 While they by Age *Veneraeal Sports* forbid,  
 Yet highly pleas'd to ſee what once they did.  
 They live in one continued *Scene* of *Lust*,  
 Till *Pox* or *Gallows* turn them into *Duſt*.

Kept *Miſtreſſes* my *Satyr* next will find,  
 { A Trade which is but Whoring once refin'd;  
 A fort of *Jilts*, ſo baſe, and ſo untrue,  
 As *Whetſtones-Park* or *Fleetſtreet* never knew.  
 In former times they were content, and proud,  
 With the ſmall Pittance which the Spark allow'd,  
 And took it for a Favour ſeldom known,  
 If twice a Year bleſt with a New Silk Gown;  
 But now ſo termigant and haughty grown, }  
 That ere kind *Keeper* ſteps into her Bed,  
 With *Coach* and *Six ſhe muſt be furniſhed*;  
 Have *Settlement* and *Joynture* made her Honour,  
 And take ſuch State and Quality upon her;  
 Sit in the Front of the *King's Box* at Plays,  
 And Rival *Lady Dutcheſs* to her Face;



*A Satyr against Woman.*

13

Lavish out more in one *Spring-Garden-Treat*,  
Than would provide a *First-Rate Ship* with Meat.  
While *Limberham* her Lust can ne're suffice,  
But what his unperforming Back denies,  
The *Footman* and the *Coachman's Brawn* supplies,  
Such Slaves they are to Interest and Gold,  
That should a Man both Impotent and Old,  
Worn out with Claps, the Palsy, or the Gout,  
By some device find *Bellamira* out ;  
Bid but a *Brace of Hundreds* more a year,  
This Old Dry *Lecher* will the *Fili* prefer  
Before the Youth whose Blood his Passion warms,  
And can each Night with pleasure fill her Arms.  
{ Nothing in *Nature* ever was more common,  
{ Than the kept *Filting, prostituted Woman*.

Nay, those that do to Vertue most pretend,  
Yet seldom are without their *private Friend*,  
By whom in secret often they're carest,  
For *stolen pleasures always are the best* ;  
Manag'd although with greatest privacy,  
They sometimes get a *tell-tale Tympany* ;  
And then the *little Infants* cries proclaim  
The *Father's Frolick*, and the *Mothers Shame* :  
But if the *Intrigue's* so closely carry'd on,  
Nor the least *Item* of the matter's known ;  
How will she of her *Vertue* loudly prate,  
And *blush at Bawdy*, yet well knows *what's what* ;  
Abroad 'gainst *Lewane's* how will she exclaim,  
Yet *daily* practice what she does condemn.  
If after all, this *Damsel* seeming Chast,  
By *Husband Lover's* courted at the last,  
With that success he will not be deny'd,  
But have this *suppos'd Virgin* for his Bride.

E

Lord,

Lord ! what a stir is made with *Allum-Water*,  
 And such *Astringents* for to hide the *matter* !  
 That she who knows as much as did her Mother,  
 May seem a *Maid*, and former Amours smother,  
 And in his Arms be fearful of a touch :  
 But hold ; of this enough if not too much.

Of all the Plagues attending human Life,  
 The greatest sure is that we call a *Wife* ;  
 Nor is there a more pitied Wretch than he,  
 That's doom'd to *Matrimonial Slavery* :  
 Unquiet days and nights with endless noise  
 Are the sad consequence of such a choice :  
 For little did he think what Mischiefs lay  
 In those hard words, *for ever and for aye* :  
 Those *holy words* which the sly Clergy use  
 To cajole People in a *fatal Noose* ;  
 A Charm no after-Magick can untie,  
 Till both, or either *opportunely Die*.  
 A *Wife*, what is she but a *Wench by Law*,  
 Which tame *Fools* wed to keep themselves in awe ?  
 For sum up all the Curses which befall  
 Unhappy Man, the *Marryd* has 'em all.

If *Jealousie*, that *Wild-fire* of the Brain,  
 Does once her serious thinking entertain,  
 Bred by *Suspicion*, and by *Fancy Nurst*,  
 No *Tyger* ever was so Fierce and Curst ;  
 Abroad she like some *Hellish Fury* seems,  
 At home *still haunted* by her own vain Dreams ;  
 Unquiet, never with her self at peace,  
 Till some kind *Rope*, or *Poyson*, give her ease,  
 Fit *Physick* for so desp'rate a Disease.

If Appetite to change, or some Disgust,  
 Adds a New Fuel to her private Lust ;  
*It is resolv'd, nor shall thy Fate, O Man !*  
 Resist her Vow ; for do what e're thou can,  
 No *Bolts, Bars, Locks*, can Fetter Inclination,  
*Thou art a Cuckold by Predestination.*  
 (Hard Fate of Custom, that the Faults of Wife,  
 Should thus disgrace the *Husband* during Life,)  
 Either, of *Creat Negligent*, she cares  
 Not who her Loose Intrigues both sees and hears ;  
 Tho at Noon-day to'r House the Heroes rush,  
 For she has long time since forgot to *Blush* ;  
 Or else by 'pointment in a *Dark Alcove*,  
 Design'd for all the stolen Sweets of Love ;  
 Meets her *Gallant*, and opening all her Charms,  
 Flies eagerly to his desired Arms :  
 My Dear, my Love, my Life, my Soul, *she cries*,  
 (Still mingling every Period with a Kiss.)  
*How blest am I ! methinks in Thee I find*  
*All that was made to pleasure Woman-kind.*  
 Lord ! what a Nauseous thing *my Husband's grown*,  
*Now thou art here, I fancy I have none :*  
*Thank Fate who this kind meeting did allow,*  
*We'll drink the Cuckold's Health before we go ;*  
*Faith 'tis an honest dull performing Tool,*  
*By Nature fram'd to be a Womans Fool :*  
*But thou, my Dear, hast found the only Art,*  
*At once to Conquer and Enjoy my Heart :*  
 Then *smiles* : Mean while the *Gallant* strives to prove  
 His Vigour in the brisk *Assaults* of Love.  
 Nor is she *idle*, for some Learned Pen  
 Assures us, that in those *Affairs*——  
 Women are much more active than the Men.

The

The little God allows the finish'd *Bliss*,  
 A *Parting Bottle*, and a *Parting Kiss*;  
 And when to meet again, for that's the Text,  
 Each Visit proves but *Prologue* to the next;  
 If envious Fate unluckily deny  
 Th' appointed meeting, Fancy must supply,  
 Deluded Pleasure, she with Art refines,  
 (A secret still unknown to Vulgar Minds,)  
 And when the Wretch whom Law does *Husband* name,  
 Attempts to quench her *everlasting Flame*,  
 Ev'n in the Act of the most kind Embrace,  
 When *Arms, Legs, Thighs* are joyn'd, and *Face to Face*  
 As the forc'd Pulse beats to the coming Joy,  
 She shuts her Eyes lest that loath'd Surfeit cloy.  
 And thus by strong Imagination she,  
 Her absent *Gallant* hugs in *Effigie*,  
 And fancy's her dear *Cuckold Spouse* is he;  
 While poor *Cornuto* humbly drudges on,  
 Till blest (with what he ne're begat) a *Son*;  
 Then at the *Christning*, to compleat the Jest,  
 The modest *Gallant*'s chosen from the rest  
 For *Godfather*, pleas'd with the double Joy  
 Of *Getting* and to *Name* the little Boy.

*Intriguing* is of late so much the mode,  
 That she who Travels not that slip'ry Road,  
 Is laught at by her Sex, as much or more,  
 Than *Cheating Cully* is by *Bullying-Whore*.  
 Could *Grays-Inn-Walks*, or those of *Lincolns-Inn*,  
 (Places where Women teach their minds to sin,)  
 Or *Park*, or either *Play-House* but relate,  
 What fine Discourse, what pretty am'rous Chat,  
 Between the *Gallant* and the *Wife* is made.  
 When a new Scene of Pleasure's to be laid,

What

What strange discoveries would the places make,  
More wonderful than those of *Captain Drake*,  
Monsters he saw, but rarely here and there,  
But here whole *Droves of Cuckolds* would appear.  
The patient, angry, and unthinking one,  
Whose Wife's a Jilt, yet he'll believe her none.  
*Happy's the Man that's handsomely deceiv'd,*  
*Whose Wife both Swears and Lyes, yet is believ'd.*

Nay, take the best of all these *Clogs of Life*,  
I mean (if such there be) a vertuous *Wife* ;  
She that with new Indearments ev'ry Night,  
Provokes Desire and heightens Appetite :  
Her *Female Fondness* will destruction prove,  
Like *Opium*, to the choice delights of Love.  
For what we may at any time enjoy,  
Does ev'n the relish of the Bliss destroy.  
To Pleasure difficulty adds a Gust,  
*I cannot Love and yet I must be just ;*  
So when to duty inclination turns,  
How faintly the *Hymenial-Taper* burns ;  
And no Man yet could ever learn the Art,  
T' Insure a *Woman's* fickle roving Heart.  
That valued thing, her *Beauty*, may decay,  
And Love will wear insensibly away ;  
And when the occasion of the Passion's fled,  
Sure Inclination will be faint or dead ;  
But if t'her natural Infirmities,  
Be added some acute and sharp Disease :  
Then *Doctors* and *Apothecaries* come,  
And with their Pots and Glasses fill the room.  
Thrice happy he to whom such luck does fall,  
*T' embrace Disease, and Wedd an Hospital :*

All Swell'd with Sighs and Blubber'd with her Tears,  
A new made Widow next in view appears,  
Beating her Breast and tearing off her Hair,  
She seems the very Emblem of Despair.  
One would imagine that some mighty matter,  
Was meant by all this hideous noise and clatter ;  
When her whole mourning's but a perfect Cheat,  
For she ne're weeps, but 'tis when others see't.  
Alone her Sorrows to her Hopes give place,  
She forms the project of a new Embrace ;  
And e're her Husband in the Grave be laid,  
Her Thoughts are of a Second Bridal-Bed.  
A Maidens Vertue may perhaps be sense,  
But who e're heard of VVidows continence ?  
For their frail Tenements were ne're design'd,  
T' indure a Siege, so often Undermin'd.  
If she be Young, her Inclinations speak  
Spite of her Drefs of black Bandore and Peak ;  
A Garb invented first to let us know,  
That the late Tennants Lease is out below ;  
For Pious Inclinations seldom fail,  
To lurk beneath a Youthful VVidows Vail.  
Tell me ye Fortune-Hunters of the Age,  
Who with new Faces ev'ry hour engage,  
If for one easy Fond believing Maid,  
Twice fifty Am'rous Widows have not fled  
Into your Arms ? For 'tis the Creed they hold,  
One Warm Bedfellow's worth a hundred cold.  
The Worn-out soldier finds an Hospital ;  
And Wither'd Age does for an Alms-House call.  
The Charter-House for Gentlemen decay'd,  
And VVidows were for Younger Brothers made.

Once



Once in an Age perhaps there may be known,  
 A *Widow* laugh at all the *Fops* in Town:  
 Live like th' *Ephesian Matron* all forlorn,  
 Refuse all Visits all Pretenders Scorn.  
 Yet there's a time.----But rarely understood,  
 When *Sorrow* gives the Wall to *Flesh* and *Blood*;  
 Then if the *Lucky Minute* be but known,  
 Ply your Suit warm, she's certainly your own.  
 To these poor Souls perhaps I may be civil,  
 But *Widows* Old and Am'rous are the *Devil*,  
 Rather than seek t' allay her craving Itch,  
 I'd e'ry night be Hagg-rid by a *Witch*,  
 The greatest curse I rather would prefer;  
 Than enter into loathed Sheets with her.

As equally offensive to my Arms,  
 Is an old *Maid* by Age depriv'd of charms,  
 For tho she may be vain and think to please,  
 Yet *Fifty's* an *Incurable Disease*.  
 Oh! with what mighty pleasure she'll relate,  
 (Like *Cavileers* the Wars of forty eight,)  
 What fine young *Sparks* her humble *Servants* were,  
 And how she made them languish with despair:  
 But yet her *Vertue* was as much above  
 Their *Flatteries*, as they beneath her *Love*.  
 Her *Vertue*.----Dam her with her canting stile,  
 When 'twas her *Pride* preserv'd her all the while;  
 For let all *Women* till they'r weary prate,  
 That *Honour* stands as Centry at the Gate:  
 That Innocence and *Vertue* are their Crown,  
 'Tis *Pride*, 'tis *Pride* that keeps their *Linnen* down;  
 Their peevish *Vertue* keeps them chaste in *spight*,  
 By day their *Guard*, and *Bugbear* all the night:.

True

True Hypocrites, who what they chiefly covet  
Seem most to abhor, and hate it when they love it :  
Now nice, then free, now grave, and then more common,  
*There is no other Riddle but a Woman.*

Oh, *Woman, Woman!* who can'st e're Rehearfe,  
In lasting Prose, or much more lasting Verse,  
What mighty *Mischief's* have by thee been done;  
Since angry Nature thee to Frame begun?  
Who but an haughty *Cleopatra* cost  
*Mark Anthony* the World? for her 'twas lost.  
Who was't the *Roman Capitol* Betray'd?  
But a perfidious Whore, some call a *Maid*?  
One *Womans* lust Inflam'd that lasting Jar,  
Which burnt Old *Troy* after a 10 years War.  
There never was a *Plot* or close design,  
The quiet of a *State* to undermine,  
Or private *Family* to ruin brought,  
Wherein a *Woman* was not in the *Plot*;  
{ Let who will lead the *Van*, 'tis plain and clear  
In *Mischief*, *Women* still bring up the *Rear*;  
{ Yet they of *Plots*, *poor Souls*, do know no more,  
Than he that Form'd the Project just before.

Thus we've of *Women* made a short Survey,  
And lightly touch'd their Vices in our way;  
But a *Fond Lover* with his senseless Muse,  
Will all their Frailties and their Faults excuse;  
For is his *Mistress* ugly beyond thought,  
She's still his *Queen*, his *Goddes*, and what not?  
If she with *Moles* and *Spots* be Larded o're,  
He'll tell you *Venus* had a Mole before,  
He for her *Limping* has some pretty hints,  
She seems to him to *Languish* when she *Squints*;

If *Foolish* ; Lord ! how Innocent she is !  
 Nay, her Malicious Wit is sure to please ;  
 If *Drowsy*-look'd she has the Air of *France* ;  
 If *Sluttish*, 'tis but a-la-*Negligence* ;  
 If *Tawdry* and *ill-drest*, she's *Modish* thought,  
 For Love can make a *Venus* of a *Slut* ;  
 If she Sings worse than a Hoarse *Smithfield-Triall*,  
 To her's, the Musick of the Sphears is dull ;  
 If *Wither'd Old*, Age for Respect doth call,  
 And Bags to make her Young will never fail ;  
 If Lewd as *Cresswell* in her youthful days  
 Yet to her *Vertue* he will Altars raise :  
 Let the deluded Fool go on, till s greatest curse  
 Be those few words, *for better and for worse*.

Oh ! were there but some *Island* vast and wide,  
 Where *Nature's Drest* in all her choicest *Pride* ;  
 The Air Serene, as Thoughts of *Angels* be,  
 Fertile the Ground, Spontaneous and Free ;  
 Producing all things which we useful call,  
 As *Edens-Garden* did before the *Fall* ;  
 Of Choicest *Vines* an inexhausted store,  
 VVith Swelling *Clusters* ready to run o're,  
 VVith their own plenty of the Godlike *Juice*,  
 VVhich seems in *Man* a second Soul t' infuse ;  
 There with a Score of *Choice Selected Friends*,  
 VVho know no private Interests nor Ends,  
 VVe'd Live, and could we Procreate like *Trees*,  
 And without *Womens Aid* ---  
 Promote and Propagate our *Species* ;  
 The Day in Sports and Innocent Delight  
 VVe'd spend, and in soft *Slumber* waite the Night.  
 Sometimes within a private *Grotto* meet,  
 VVith gen'rous VVines and Fruits our selves we'd Treat ;  
 G Ambition,

Ambition, Envy, and that Meager Train;  
 Should never interrupt our Peaceful *Reign*.  
 Blest with *Strong Health*, and a most quiet mind,  
 Each day our *Thoughts* should new *Diversion* find,  
 But *never, never* think on *WOMAN-KIND*. }

## F I N I S

*The BACHELORS LETTANY.*

FROM a Woman who thirty Long Winters has seen,  
 Yet by patching, and painting, and bathing her skin,  
 Appears plump and young, Like a Girl of fifteen,  
*Libera me, &c.*

From one who to *Meetings* is always in Motion,  
 Or to *Church* how'rly Gadding, pretending Devotion ;  
 Her ways are unknown, like the paths in the Ocean.  
*Libera me, &c.*

From one who is always a Scolding and railing,  
 'Gainst the faults of her Sex, and their Lewdness bewailing ;  
 Twenty Pound to a Cherrystone she has her failing.  
*Libera me, &c.*

From one who affects still rich Cloaths to be wearing,  
 But how she comes by 'em a farthing not caring,  
 When her Portion (Debts paid) will scarce buy a *Red-herring*.  
*Libera me, &c.*

From one in whose Beauty her sole fortune lyes,  
 Or depends on the will of an Aunt when she Dyes,  
 Or in *Chamber of London*, or else 'twixt her *T-his*.  
*Libera me, &c.*

From a Woman who values her worth by her pelf,  
 And o'rerun with conceit, is become such an elf,  
 To allow none are witty or fair but her self.  
*Libera me, &c.*

From one who pretends to more Tongues than her own,  
 And in *French* and *Italian* a student is Grown,  
 When

## *A Satyr against Woman.*

23

When one Tongues enough for a Woman 'tis known.

*Libera me, &c.*

From one who each Night to the Play-House still goes,  
To show her fine Face, or her much finer Cloaths,  
And receives the addresses of *Sharps* and *Beau's*.

*Libera me, &c.*

From a Raw Country Girl who has got all her Breeding,  
In a Village where Cows, Swine and Poultry were feeding,  
And never was taught either Writing or Reading.

*Libera me, &c.*

From a City Coquett who by Ogling and smiling,  
Each Day is some new *Fop-admirer* Beguiling,  
The Devil is in her if she be not willing.

*Libera me, &c.*

From a Widow who has buried both young Men and old Men,  
Who once were her Husbands, and sure they were bold Men,  
To venture on her, or the Damp of her Cole-mine.

*Libera me, &c.*

From a Widow'd *she Hypocrite* (if such there be any)  
Who pretends she can Love none, tho Court'd by many,  
Has five or six Children and never a penny.

*Libera me, &c.*

From a Lais of Intrigue, who before she was Wed,  
Has at *Tick-Tack*, or *Put*, or at *In* and *In* plaid,  
And after her Marriage is soon brought to Bed.

*Libera me, &c.*

From one who some years has a *Town-Mistress* been,  
And pretends to turn Honest to draw some Man in;  
From falling in such a Decoy, or a Gin.

*Libera me, &c.*

From Marrying a Woman I've lain with before,  
Who was constant to me, and to twenty men more,  
Then make her my Wife who at first was my Whore.

*Libera me, &c.*

From one who in thought is as Lewd as a *Stalian*,  
With an Airy French humour enough for to pall one,  
Yet as Proud and as Jealous as is an *Italian*.

*Libera me, &c.*

From one spends the morning in Painting and Patching,  
In her mind for Intrigues, in the Afternoon, hatching. From

From the humour at such slipp'ry Eccles to be catching,

*Libera me, &c.*

From running my Neck in the Noose and the Curse,

Of taking a Woman for Better for Worse,

Who brings not a Groat, and will yet bear the Purse,

*Libera me, &c.*

From the Horrible Torment of Leading my Life,

With a Woman all wrangling, all noise, and all Strife,

So I Marry the Devil instead of a Wife.

*Libera me, &c.*

From a Woman an utter Sworn Foe to Clean Linnen,

Looking always as black as if Cole hole she'd been in,

Fit only in Newcastle-Mines to be seen in.

*Libera me, &c.*

From a Woman in Cook'ry so mightily knowing,

Will often in Broth let the Dishclout be stewing,

And tho nothing she knows, will be every thing doing.

*Libera me, &c.*

To Conclude, from a Woman is always gain-saying,

Always either a Gossiping, Scolding, or Praying,

And is ever Commanding instead of Obeying.

*Libera me, &c.*

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